

have been recorded Seventeen years ago thin ho

block of the West Side's principal residence boulevard. Real lace curtains, topped with correcus draperies of purple wilk plush. windows that sparkled like nds in their cleanness of pane and paint. Te-day they are grimy with the dust and rain and splash of many months. The paint, once bright and new, is peeling off the walls. The handsome outerdoors of elaborately carved, and once upon a time always invitingly open, are closed and their grain is dull with poor care. The sod in front is trodden into yellow clay. The long flight of broad stairs leading to the porch is worn and decayed.

Decay and disorder peop from every erev-ice in the wall. What was once a beautiful home is but a crumbling shell in the midst of comfortable, even hundsome, mansions, next door and over the way. Next month it will be a year since its owner died. The that sheltered her-one of miserable, pathetic, weird decay

A House of Luxury.

late President Grant's Secretary of the Interior. John Island met a strange

Barbara Lowe was not so long ago one of the most beautiful women of Cht. cago. She was known in New York, St. Louis, Denver. Albuquerque, the Hot Springs of New Mexico, and even in London. She lived in luxury for a brief space of years and died when only 42 years old, in direct squalor. Once dainty and sveite of figure, she had shrunk to an ill-shapen mass, which even her friends failed to recognize.

Eiwin Lowe was Barbara Lowe's only son. For him she made natural sportfices. Before he grew to man's estate he contracted consumption and was

and the hours of her death.

main in her own station. His name was remained with her until she net John in George Lowe. As a child she had fallen Delano. He was the son of Columbus D

nected with him.

death two years ago. He was found dead, sitting in the little station of Dwight, his life was filled with fatalities, which seemed to be all all those

brought home to die.

Colonel George Dwyer was John S. Delano's closest friend and husbness assoclate. He loved him like a brother and has never ceased to bewait his untimely deuth.

Jennie Raymore, a faithful colored woman of ante-bellum days, was Mrs. Lowe's maid, when she was surrounded by all the luxuries money could layer upon her. Poor Jennie was also her sole friend and conferante in direst poverty

existence, Barbara Milier soon married a red. Parbara went back to her mother and

When, nineteen years ago, Barbara Lowe moved into this house she made out of it a dainty chateau. The walls of the spacious parlors were handsomely decorated. The cellings were stuccoed and gayly carved, that the think was the only flaw that they had to be cut off. That was the only flaw with many brilliant men of his kind. For a flick carpets, costly portleres, elegant furnity over that she had begund to discrete the was interested in the cattle business. Rich carpets, costly portieres, elegant furnitures filled every one of the twelve rooms from basement to garret. The mistress of this handsome home was in the romantic stage of her life.

Husband and wife did not get along them below the handsome home was in the romantic stage of her life.

Husband and wife did not get along them of S. V. White & Co. of Wall street, well, and after a while, when their life. New York, At the close of Grant's naming-Reared in the humdrum of a middle-class | son, Edwin, was 4 years old, they separat- listration Colombus Delano retited to his

New Mexico and the Eastern metropoli On two occasions he took her to London. His friends and business associates came to look upon her us the future Mrs. Delano. A divorce from his wife was contemplated but Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Delane on There was nothing to wait till Providence severed the bonds that and long since been broken by an incurable

After the death of Mrs. John Delano, the shand took Mrs. Lowe to Mount Ver-n. He showed her the heautiful estates on which he had been reared and intra-duced her to his father. But the older Delano was a stern, unrelenting man and is litterly opposed to the marriage then as he had been to the comantic alliance before. To prevent his son from carrying out his ardent desire to connect himself legally with the woman he loved, the father ut him off with a small allowance. That

was the beginning of the end. A House of Sorrow.

John Delana roamed over the face of the brought lits daughter, a young lady carth on the meager allotment of paternal wealth. For a while Barbara Lowe struggled bravely against adversity. She turned her beautiful home into a fashiomable her beautiful home into a fashiomable her beautiful home, and for a few years all went well. Then Elwin, her only child, upon whom she had lavished money in the effort of the first of the little of the consumption. He was hurrled off to Denver and a year later brought home to die.

He brought lits daughter, a young lady then her days of the number of the better that her developed affiliates, became the companion of her diffuence, became the John Delang roamed over the face of the earth on the meager allotment of paternal wealth. For a while Barbara Lowe strugto give him a fine education, fell til with and a year later brought home to die

All was forgotten in the desire to forget. The terrible habit began to tell upon her. She became slovenly in her habits, in her dress, in her manner of living. The complexion of her household, too, changed, The begant rooms were sublet for light houskeeping, and the mistress who had once or the servants' quarters of her changed and stripped home. One by one her costly raiwasted nway to a mere skeleton. Her ments, her jewels, her bele-a-brac, were spinal column curved till she was a mispawned and sold.

cords that bound her to life to an effort to gate man claimed his body and conveyed it to Mount Vernon, where John Delano was interred beside his father, his mother and evening to help remove her from the bed to his only son, all of whom had preceded him only a short time before his own death on the voyage to the Hereafter.

A House of Death.

From her hed in the squalid, barren, onewindowed room in the dingy basement of her once elegant home, Barbara Lawe never arose. For almost two years longer she

saw her for the last time.

He brought his daughter, a young bely vant, who had been with her in her days of

the lounge and back again. Jennie Raymore was with Mrs. Lowe. As they lifted her from the squalid hed the colored woman remarked:

"She is heavier than she looks to be."
"Yes," said the doctor, "some of us often look stouter than we really are."

The next day he was found dead in bed. Last February Barbara Lowe died, conscious to the last. The friends she had known in life had drifted away. She would not let them see her. Even her brother and her unfortunate seemts, her jewels, her bele-asbrae, were spinal column curved the sale was a mission way. She would not set them seems as a mission way. She would not set them seems as a mission way. She would not set them seems as a mission way. She would not set them seems as a mission way. She would not set them seems as a mission way. She would not set them seems as a mission way. She would not set them seems as a mission way. She would not set them seems as a mission way.

## Millionaire Rockefeller Leads the Largest Bible Class.

The Richest Young Man in America Devotes His Sundays to Religious Work.

It was a dull November Sunday morning "Tell Me the Old, Old Story," led by a tic, could doubt the sincerity of the young in New York, damp, gray and dismat. At trained male voice. 9:20 a. m., an hour when most young people of wealth are still indoors and abed, a confident step of health and purpose in life, turned down Fifth avenue. This was John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on his way to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, where, perhaps, the largest young men's Rible class in the city | meets every Sunday morning under his

leadership. It began to rain. Like drops of feewater buttoned his frock coat closely about him. Under that coat was a green flowered walstcoat, and beneath the valstcout was a heart overflowing with love for humanity. His clothes were those of the New York man of fashion, the clubman, the handiwork of a good tailor, well-fitting and worn with un-

oscious grace. The Fifth Avenue Baptist Church is tucked in between private mansions in Forty-sixth street; no estentation without, all simplicity within. At 9:40 Mr. Rockefeller entered the church and mounted the stairs of the gallery, where some fifty young men were gathered awaiting him. He shook hands with the president of the class, who stood there greeting all comers, regular attendants and strangers alike, for a general britation is extended to young men, and epscially to strangers in the city, to join Rockefeller's class. It has a total end membership of 125. The writer, unto any of the members, was greeted

Rockefeller took his seat by the side small table, at the foot of the able, at 5:45 a. m. the preliminary song ser-

"I don't believe God cares whether we the sarrier of riches, and stood among the members of the class as a brother among brothers. His voice was clear and well young man hurried down the steps of No. 4 | ler in opening the meeting "so long as modelated. His vocabulary bespoke one West Fifty-fourth street and, with the light, we like the right kind of life, We ask no bot long out of college, but his delivery West Fifty-fourth street and, with the light, we live the right kind of life. We ask no questions here: Are you a church meneber? Where do you come from? What 44 your business? When we stand before the the true Christian. Tall, very slight of great throne none of these questions will form, with a pair, clean-shaven face, blond be asked. Such things are of no account. built, and the renetal appearance of re-The man who simply goes to church on Sunday and suys: There, I've done my duty for the week," falls short of the the rain smote the young redestrian, and he | enalifications of a Christian as Ged defines them. The great and only question is, 'What kind of a daily life are you living?

At 19 o'clock nearly every rest in the gallery was occupied, and the assemblage professions—clerks, railroad men, artisans, day, No. 42 in the course, the class having clothing of wage-earners, their faces extoward the right. Among them were several gray-baired men. After a short prayer by the leader of the song service, the superintendent of the Sunday school came in tinning with the repair of the temple, the to ask for a dozen volunteers to take classes finding of the Book of Law, and the great at the Chinese Mission supported by this reformation effected by reading the book church at 17 Doyer street, Mr. Rockefeller indorsed the superintendent's plea, saying: "I worked for a year or two in the Chinese Mission, and from personal experience, I assure you that no people so greatly appreciate the attention of Christians as the Chinese in this city, which is probably true of all the sors of the Celestial Empire in this country. It is true that sometimes young women take classes in the mission with a view to marrying a well-to-do Chinaman, but we have weeded out all such

ndedon needs a number of trained workers. If we merely meet here once a week, we fall to put our study of the Bible to practical use, we accomplish almost nothing, I hope a dozen of you young men will volunteer to-day to carry to the dealzens of the Chinese quarter that which you have learned here. Clames your eye over the congregation at the service to-day in this church, and you will see a number of Chinese, bright, intelligent young men, all members of the church as the result of our lakers at the mission." our labors at the mission.

leader. As he spoke, he himself crushed had all the eloquence of carnestness. his manner there were the moderny and gentleness of the educated gentleman, and hair, and the reneral appearance of re-finement, he easily commanded the attention of the class. His tingers are long, launt and broad at tips, the sure sign of a worker in the practical field of business He wears glasses, but behind them are small alert gray eyes, with drooping lies, indicative of a man of agures and of the slatewoiners that necessarily accompanies a commercial temperament.

most of them wearing the ready-made undertaken consecutive study of the book forty-two Sundays ago, when Mr. Rockepressive of tarnestness and minds turned feller took the leadership. The subject was Josiak, the last reformer in Judah, from Il Kings, twenty-second chapter. The lender analyzed the subject, beginning with

to the people. Then followed a general discussion of the topic. "Why is it," asked Mr. Rockefeller, "that the reformations of Josiah's reign, and indeed many great reformations since, were not lasting? "Because a reformation, to be enduring.

must be a reformation in conscience," said a young man who sat near the leader, "Because most reformations we read about carried things to extremes-like Puritanism, for instance," said another

of fifteen minutes began with the hymn teachers, as well as roung men who were den-expected too much too soon; because

not competent to teach the Word. Now, the people need time to be educated up to a new way of thinking and living," said third man.

"I think you have all three hit the nail on the head," said Mr. Rockefeller, 'To bring about a reformation people need time for natural growth, to throw off the old and take on the new. Unless a man is re-formed in his conscience he is not a new WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. man. Mere outward change is reform only I in appearance

The speaker then efted the difference between worship according to prescribed form and simple wership devoid of formality "Some people can worship best in church amid formal surroundings; others find they get closer to God in the fields and woods But, as I said before, it doesn't where a man worships, so long as he has the spirit of Jesus Christ within him, believe that the reformation of the world d pends not at all upon grand churches, and ceremony and form, but upon individual effort, man to man, brother to brother. When a church surrounds worship with too much ritual the object of religion is defeated body warm, puts on too many clothes, stops the circulation of the blood, and finds his health in a short time impaired."

Mr. Rockefeller concluded with the golden

"Obey my voice . . . so ye be my people, and I will be your God." "To find the light of God," be said, "we must think high, keep our thoughts aloft. Let our thoughts drop to the sordid, the Let our thoughts drop to the sordid, the material, the merely worldly, and we forget letween tears and smirks; but a strong in-God. I remember, while recently traveling in Norway, the land of the midnight sun, I had not seen the sun for six nights. Then our ship put southward, and one nitht as we entered harbor, I thought, 'To-night the sun will sink from our sight.' But atop of a mountain I saw light, and I said, 'If we climb up there, we shall still see the sun.' We started up the mountain, and when we reached the top, we found there was a loft-ler peak beyond. Our companion remained behind, and two of us climbed to the top of the second mountain, when again we found we had not reached the sun, as there was still a loftier peak. My friend left me, and I climbed alone to the top of this third peak, and there, at midnight, I found the sun. Thus in life, if we think aloft,

there we will find the light of God." The meeting closed in time for church service at 11, Mr. Rockefeller standing by the door and shaking hands with the young men as they passed out. He had a pleasant word for all, addressing each by name, and asking each to come again. Then he went to his pew in the body of the church and knelt a moment in stient prayer. knelt a moment in slient prayer.

GHLSON WILLETS.

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## THE KIND OF HEROINE ONE ACTRESS WOULD LIKE TO BE.

a bland and childlike smile!"

Miss Gertrude Coghlan thus crystallize her opinion of the woman character which Thackeray drew and which Miss Coghlan recently portrayed at the Century Theater. "Becky is always a smiling vixen," de-clares Miss Coglian. "Hers is not a sur-donic smile, that defeats its use as a mask. It is a cheerful smile, and an everpresent one. Only twice in her career, in my opinion, does Becky forget to smile. Once is when she angrily gives her husband 'fits,' and the other time is who husband angrily gives her 'fits.' She focls everybody with that smile-lords, and som ladies, soldiers, plebeians, and even her own servants—the hardest people in the world to fool. She takes from them the lit which she isn't

best they can give, and she gives them, in teturn, the empty nothing of her smile. portray a good woman. Not a goody-good one, whose blood is milk, whose bleas are those of the heroines of fairy tales, and juisive, generous, cheerfuily disposed, fierh-and-blood woman, whose every instinct is positive for good.

"I like the character of Barbara Frietchle. It appeals to the audience and keeps it on tip-toe for a chance to applaud. I don't say that Bariara is my ideal character, out I like it. I saw Miss Marlowe play it once and I remember it, for you know actresses do not see many plays except their own; and when they happen to be able to 'sit out in front' and watch other people at work they remember the occasion. "I don't like the vulgar adventuress type

of heroine-or central figure-a bit. Becky, of course, isn't that kind. She is a reflect sort of villain. She has wit and, oh, what a persistent smile! And that wit and that smile remain with her even after friends have gone and poverty has come, and the only victims she can entrap are those who serve her in room 92. Elephant Hotel, Pumpernickle. That, you know is in the last act, when the moral of the play is being wrought out, and when she is drinking at the bitter fount of destitution and neglect—and smiling at the draughts.

That is something that I admire about Becks, the vixen! She is forever cheerful!

nd prepares that for some new coup!
"And oh, what an ambition she has! they are the ones who have succeeded best or are succeeding best. She is of the type of women who can make their husbands what they will-only in Becky's case she dees not 'will' to make Rawdon Crawley what the world would call great, You must what the world would call great. You must admit, however, that the esteemed Mr. Stall all chance for either familiar references is mighty poor material for such ence to me or an abbreviation of my Chris-

eturn, the empty nothing of her smile.

"I hope I may soon have opportunity to ortray a good woman. Not a goody-good ne, whose blood is milk, whose bleas are when I feel that I would not care if I "People learn as they grow older, don't when I feel that I would not care if I were cast for an ingenue role, and could break in the wall of dignity

There is a lot of hard work in acting- for that time can only play to novelty. Becky is the first big role I ever ersayed. Of course, I used to go around a great deal with papa (the late Charles Coghlan), but it was rot until three years are that I took an account a great deal with papa (the late Charles Coghlan) but it was rot until three years are that I took an account a great deal with the with the late of the late o axo that I took an acting part. Those who saw 'The Royal Box' will remember a slip of a girl who played Juliet in the play within a play. Well I was believed to the cever, smiling one like 'Becky Sharp,' who

Miss Gertrude Coghlan Appreciates the Acting Possibilities of "Becky Sharp," but Wants to Portray a Good Woman Who Is Not "Goody-Good."

BITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
"Becky is a mean little dickens."
"And she covers up all her meanness with best—and her best is pretty good—to make "Kate" or 'Mary.' And he was always par-other of his peculiarities was an inclination to get wild when his own first name was Imagine a woman with that trait so well abbreviated. It made him furious to see a eveloped as Becky's, but along better and reference to him as 'Chus,' Coghian. Once, other lines'. There are such women and somewhere in the East, an electric sign by are the ones who have succeeded best with 'Charles' abbreviated to 'Chus,' had been elaborately prepared. As soon as be saw it, papa made life meterable for folks until his first name was spelled out.

"So, when my name was first put on the tian name by putting me down simply as 'Miss Cochlan,' And 'Miss Coglan' I have Sometimes I wish I had as much am- been ever since. I don't know but I like it

when I feel that I would not care if I were cast for an ingenue role, and could just romp around and be merry, with never a thought of being great. But these are stray moments, that just wander into ane's life now and then when there is a bit of a break in the wall of dignity.

They go to Santa Claus's house. And actors who are not wise enough to go somewhere and rest for that time can only play to empty. which is a trite saying. My professional cateer has not been extended chough to course me to loce all enjoyment of it as a novelty. Backy is the first ble soil that I shall never, never again novelty. Backy is the first ble soil that I shall never, never again

of a girl who played Juliet in the play with in a play. Well, I was Juliet, Petple will be a primary who is finally brought up with a sharp turn and remember, too, the stage-struck girl, Cellia Price, in the same play. She was the girl who longed with an actress. Well, I was Cella toward the same play and the girl who longed with an actress. Well, I was Cella toward to prome an actress. Well, I was Cella toward to prome an actress. Well, I was Cella toward to prome an actress. Well, I was Cella toward the end of the season, I book the part as gone and poverty has come, and the victims she can entrap are those who her in room 32. Elephant Hotel, Pumpekle, That, you know, is in the last when the moral of the play is being the out, and when she is drinking at titer fount of destitution and neglect smiling at the draughts.

"I am sometimes asked why I am billed simply as 'Miss Coghlan,' instead of 'Miss ideas, He was a rtickler for dignity. It is something that I admire about, the vixen! She is forever cheerfuil." That was one of papa's ideas, He was a rtickler for dignity. It